

Five Thousand Miles Around
the Southern Cross

Dear Mrs. Krefod:

Are you hunting "punk?"

Well, here it is.

William S. Long.

Five Thousand Miles Around the Southern Cross

A POPULAR REVIEW OF LIFE AND CUSTOMS IN
Cuba, Jamaica, Colombia, Costa Rica, Mexico
and Ancient Yucatan

WITH A SURVEY OF
THE GREAT PANAMA CANAL

Farewell, Monsieur Traveler, look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola."—Shakespeare.

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Fellow American Geographic Society

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A Foreword

The opinion seems to prevail in many quarters that our neighbors below our Southern borders do not possess those attributes commonly associated with a high degree of civilization; in fact, there are to be found those who profess to believe that our friends still dwell in a condition of ignorance, superstition and industrial lethargy. As all travelers know, these impressions are erroneous and not in keeping with the actual conditions prevailing in the lands illumined by the glowing beacon of the Southern Cross. Nor can a misconception of this nature be conducive to the well-being of the great populations of the Three Americas. The Panama Canal—costing us hundreds of millions of money, together with an enormous outlay of energy and genius—should be the means of drawing this entire Western Hemisphere into closer bonds of commercial and social intercourse. Our neighbors have their faults, for none of us are perfect; but they are of kindly heart, and they regret that their brothers of the United States do not understand them as they deserve to be understood.

We Americans of the North are a broadminded, liberal-spirited people, and we should lose no time in extending to the Americans of the South a warm and hearty handclasp of friendship. Let us not forget that they number nearly one hundred millions strong, and they and their respective countries are rapidly forging to the front ranks of modern nations.

The opening of the Panama should be a day of rejoicing for the peoples of the Three Americas.

THE AUTHOR.

FIVE THOUSAND MILES AROUND THE SOUTHERN CROSS



Havana from the Bay

The up-to-date skyscraper is a very modern innovation in the Crescent Isle.



FIVE THOUSAND MILES AROUND THE SOUTHERN CROSS

The Man Who Did

A VAST ARRAY of illustrious names emblazons the escutcheon of the Roman peninsula, and there can be no question that long after the division and subdivision of every nation now extant, in the distant cycle that has yet to pierce the horizon of to-morrow, these characters shall still invest the seat of learning, the hall of legislation, the harbor and the mart of commerce. Standing out in high relief, a giant amidst a lilliputian band, there shall be found a Titan of colossal size, one whose intrepidity gave to the world a mighty continent destined to change the routes of all the seas, the chronologies and conditions of every race beneath the cerulescent dome on high—Cristoforo Colombo, Commodore Captain of the Spanish Main.

Born in Genoa, Italy, in 1447, the great navigator as a boy worked under his father, a wool-comber. Having a fondness for the sea, at an early age he embarked on various ships trading up the Mediterranean. He studied astronomy and became imbued with the belief that Oriental lands could be reached by sailing due west from Spain and continuing around the globe until the goal was consummated. As is well known, the popular notion prevailed that the earth was flat, and the project formulated by the Genoese was regarded as foolhardy and insane. Possessing but little material wealth, he sought the aid of various kings and princes; but these knowing men curled their aristocratic lips in derision born of genius of a transcendental order. Finally a Spanish clergyman, Father Marchena, closely identified with the Royal Family, pleaded in behalf of Columbus. After years of consultation and deliberation, Queen Isabella, one of the most intellectual women of her time, raised the funds to defray the expenses of equipping a small vessel, the Santa Maria, and two caravels, the Pinta and Nina, all of which were about thrice the length of a modern lifeboat, the entire crew numbering 120 seamen. The squadron left Palos, Spain, on Friday, August 3, 1492, sailing in a southwesterly direction; but no land loomed to view up to September 13, when a variation of the magnetic needle was observed. This circumstance struck terror into the hearts of the sailors, and there were not lacking the usual jealous leaders, who went among the crew sowing seeds of rebellion, asserting that Columbus was a phantom-chaser in his madcap desire to round the so-called globe. Mutiny developed, and the captains of the other caravels signaled for a conference, which was generously granted. They demanded an immediate return to Spain. The great mariner, backed by the Padre Marchena, appealed to their

patriotism as Spaniards, at the same time letting it be understood that the "suggestions" of the Admiral of the Fleet were commands not to be lightly impugned on the high seas. So they decided to peacefully follow in the wake of the Santa Maria. Land was sighted on Friday, October 12—the Island of San Salvador, one of the Bahama group. Columbus made four voyages to the Indies and Mexico, passing away at Valladolid, Spain, in 1506; thirty years later his body was conveyed to Santo Domingo, where it remained until 1796, to be transferred to the Cathedral in Havana, and was once again removed to its last resting place in Old Granada twenty years ago.

Our three-months' itinerary embraced five thousand miles around and about the most interesting and instructive countries beneath the widespreading gleam of the glowing Southern Cross—through the Crescent Isle; over the hills and vales of fair Jamaica; up the Magdalena to the tip-top of South America; along the severed waist of the universe—the Panama Canal; across the peaks of Costa Rica; up and down the aerial monarchs of enchanting Mexico; amidst the ruins of Ancient Yucatan.

IN THE WAKE OF COLUMBUS.

*To tempt the perils of an unknown ocean
When Christopher Columbus first set out,
Deeming his life would pay for his devotion,
Men must have marveled at a heart so stout.*

*O'er shoreless seas he sailed, hope still preserving,
Despite the mutiny among his crew—
He held his course, and proved his faith unswerving
In what his heart assured him must be true.*

*His steadfastness inspired the weaker brothers,
Aroused the dull, the cowards put to shame;
And his reward? A continent for others,
And for himself a little breath of fame.*

*Of all achievements his is an example
The path of knowledge is with dangers strewn—
Yet he who feels true values, finds it ample
To strive for truth for wisdom's sake alone.*

*Still unknown worlds are lying all around us,
Waiting, aye, waiting, for the pioneer—
Still trackless seas of deepest ignorance bound us,
And still 'mid dangers unforeseen we steer.*

*Then from Columbus let us learn assurance
To follow steadfastly faith's guiding star;
Expecting no reward for our endurance
Beyond the truth that glimmers from afar.*

—Morewood.

The Crescent Isle

In the afternoon of the fourth day the binoculars discerned the outlines of the Cuban coast, and the following morning all hands were up at sunrise to view the passage of the narrow strait connecting the placid waters of Havana Bay with the vast and buoyant Gulf of Mexico. To the left we beheld the giant lighthouse whose glowing beacon has flashed forth its warning message to generations of storm-tossed mariners; to the rear the grim walls of Morro Castle rose in sombre impotence, for the citadel has played its part and now peacefully wings across the deep the mystic symbols to those afloat. The harbor is a commodious basin, but until recently was so shallow that the larger vessels anchored in midstream to load and unload their cargoes. This reproach has been partly removed, and immense improvements along the docks will enable the deepest ships to cast their hawsers to modern piers. Havana of to-day bears but slight resemblance to the city of years gone by. Able American engineers have transformed the ancient capital into a place of health and beauty, and the residents now boast a driveway and promenade that has no superior, the magnificent Malecon, signifying a seawall, which extends for miles along the curving shore of the Mexican Gulf. On Sunday afternoon all whose cognomen shine with lustrous glare on the pages of "Who's Who in Cuban Sweldom"—and perhaps several whose *nom de guerre* illumine the pages of "Who's Who in Cuban Jaildom"—drive up and down and then around Malecon and Prado in countless carriages, automobiles and equipages of every make and vintage. It is a moving panorama worth rounding the globe to view. Visitors seem transported to a miniature Boulevard des Italiens as they note the carefree throngs that eat, drink and make merry in the brilliant cafés and places of amusement along the broad and handsome Prado when the shades of eventide have been drawn across the "Paris of the Indies." Streets in the old section are exceedingly narrow (twenty-six feet from wall to wall), steps of the trolleys reaching over the seven-foot sidewalks in the Calle San Luis Obispo, the Calle O'Reilly and other thoroughfares catering to the wants of American travelers. The Cathedral is a great point of interest, and it is sad to relate that the edifice requires a complete renovation within and without its sacred walls. The metropolis contains several modern office buildings, which appear like skyscrapers from the alleyways below, and the mansions of the wealthy, especially along

the Malecon, are homes of splendor. On the other hand, the one-story dwellings of the working classes are devoid of ornamentation, the iron-barred windows giving them the appearance of penal institutions. The national breakfast is very light, consisting merely of coffee and rolls; and it dissipates an erroneous impression by stating that smoking is strictly confined to men and the lower grades of women. It may be of interest to know that the first railroad bed was laid down here as early as 1834, the tracks now traversing 2,200 miles through the various Provinces, the Havana Central being driven by electricity; an old-fashioned railway station has been supplanted by a beautiful terminal that would be an ornament to any municipality. A three-hour siesta at midday was the accepted routine until the stranger from foreign climes decided that such sinful and criminal waste should be changed to the rapid-fire American system of eat-it-while-you-run.

The natives as a class cannot be called homogeneous, the blood coursing through their veins being an admixture of Negro and Spanish, although there are many full-bloods of both races. Spanish merchants are in control of the trade of the city, and American residents are numerous enough to support two daily newspapers. Tourists coming hither for the benefit of *their* health should try and remember that the hotelkeepers of Havana are not in business for *their* health; indeed the rates at one hotel are not less than \$25 per day for a suite of rooms, which of course means that the literati don't always overcrowd this most exclusive caravansary. The population has grown since the occupation of the town in 1519 to some 300,000 souls to-day and that of the island to 2,100,000, with an area of 45,000 square miles, or somewhat smaller than England. If you are a mathematician of high grade, you can readily understand that four billion pounds of sugar is not at all bad for a year's production, and the cigars and cigarettes turned out every twelve months are so numerous that they give employment to thousands of men and women, boys and girls. A good cigar may be had for five cents. Street car service could be worse and cabs will take you anywhere within the city limits for twenty cents per ride. Havana has its plaza and fine municipal band, but for some unknown reason it is lacking in the principal institution of a Spanish-American city, a national opera house. However, in order to make amends for this most lamentable dereliction, the Government has under way the construction of a magnificent building wherein to conduct the affairs of state.

BACK TO THE DAYS OF YORE.

Within twenty miles of Central Park (the principal plaza) there may be seen a life as primitive as history records, with the exception that the adult aborigines of the more refined and cultured brand deem a garment of some kind necessary to protect their brunette complexions from the heat, while the rising generation of señors and señoras are perfectly satisfied to wear a most congenial smile. Huts are built of stout pine branches, the sides covered with coconut leaves and the roof of thatch; an iron-barred aperture acts as a window and the ancient sod as a floor.

Sixty miles away lies a characteristic Cuban city—Matanzas—and here we spent two days visiting the places of interest, particularly the famous Caves of Bellamar, which plunge beneath the earth for miles in the form of a serpent *en tour*. No visible sign without tells the sightseer he is near the subterranean pits, until a dark-tanned functionary approaches from the confines of a modest little house built in the side of a granite rock. We now descend a broad stairway leading to the depths. Down and down we go, and finally arrive in an immense hall some sixty feet below the surface. They call this room the Gothic Temple; it is about 250 feet long and nearly 100 feet wide. Countless electric bulbs flash their glare upon myriads of stalactic cones, producing an effect similar to those entrancing fairy tableaux common to the Christmas pantomime known as "Gladys in Empyrean Glens." All kinds of yarns are spun for the benefit of the gullible tourist—such, for instance, that the redoubtable Cap'n Bill Kidd and the rest of his piratical chums used the caves as headquarters for the murdering of foreigners out for a sail on the Spanish Main. Of course, such things could be true, but there is not the slightest sign of gore in these subterranean retreats. Scenery around the country should please the most pessimistic individual, for rolling hills and tropical vales, grand mansions and humble huts are to be seen to right and left.

ROLLING ON TO SANTIAGO.

Santiago lies 530 miles east of the capital, and twenty-four hours are consumed in spanning verdant plains and charming dales that present at every turn prospects well calculated to enrapture a poet's soul. To the right we view a valley of saccharine and at the left a gentle southern zephyr sways a rich field of embryonic "weeds" whose fragrance is known in every land. At periods here and there along the "ferrocarril" the tourist beholds the magnificent domicile

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In Old Habana Town

Morro Castle from the Prado Bandstand—Central Square, Havana.

of a rich planter who rules all his far-reaching eye surveys, and at other periods there may be seen a bevy of future voters and suffragettes enjoying the diurnal hours romping around in the ancient and comfortable garb of the fabled Psyche.

The tourist who stops over at Santa Clara for a day will never regret the time spent in this ancient yet modern inland city. It is a centre of the great tobacco plantations that have brought so much wealth to the island, and is undoubtedly an agreeable spot wherein to enjoy for a day or so many mediæval scenes and characteristics not to be found except far away from the beaten path of the average traveler. The accompanying photograph gives a clear illustration of how they grow the finer grades of tobacco in these up-to-date days of inventive genius. The upper photo pictures the tobacco securely protected from the heavy rains and likewise guarded from the burning rays of the sun by stretching great rolls of cheesecloth in the form of a canopy ten feet high above the most valuable of all "weeds."

Large sugar mills of modern make are numerous and interesting. When old Sol has done his share in the way of making the pioneers rich, the latter put on their Sunday clothes and stroll around the Plaza, listening to the poetic strains of some good old song their grandpas and grandmas found so inspiriting away back yonder amidst the romantic hills of Andalusia.

*Search within,
Without, all is echantment. 'Tis the past
Contending with the prescnt; and, in turn,
Each has the mastery.*

—Rogers.

Santiago contains 50,000 inhabitants, and they all seem to have unraveled the perplexing problem of how to live and be happy though out of work. The pageant city is walled in by surrounding mountains, even to the embattled entrance of its harbor. From a lofty peak the fantastically colored streets and red-tiled roofs tell us we are in the land of the Spaniard. It was here that the fifty-three men of the "Virginus" were shot in 1873; and of course everybody has read of that dauntless charge up the heights of the San Juan. The incline is now used as a military reservation. To leave Cuba without a memory of its mountains is like leaving a play by the well-known Bard of Avon after the prologue. Sierra Maestra peaks rise sharply from the Caribbean and tumultuously toss their brows a mile and a half above the never-ceasing roll of the Atlantic Ocean.

The prevalent impression that Cuba is so unbearably hot that white men cannot withstand the terrific rays of the sun is all a sad mistake, inasmuch as the cooling breezes floating perennially across the island go far to tempering the tropical heat. Nature has been most generous to the Pearl of the Antilles, for three crops of table produce are usually secured.

On to Fair Jamaica

The periodic flash of the warning lens paled and dimmed as the blades warmed to the task of sighting Montego Bay ere the effulgent orb gilded the eastern sky. There is a vast difference between Jamaica and Cuba, everything bespeaking the rule and customs of the English nation: even the Negroes, who comprise over ninety per cent. of the population, use a dialect germane to backwoods Georgia and that of Trafalgar Square. The island is nearly 150 miles in length and 35 in width. Things were not always as orderly as we find them to-day: the Spaniards raised their ensign in 1509, to be supplanted by the Union Jack in 1670, when Oliver Cromwell dispatched a fleet to this section for the purpose of exploitation. That noblest of all pirates, Sir Henry Morgan, and his fellow-buccaneers made the island their rendezvous while scouring the trade routes for game. Over two hundred years ago a tidal wave swept high above Port Royal and sent it far below the surface of the sea. Seventeen million bunches of bananas make a pretty tidy crop for a year's work, and they keep many ships moving in and out of many harbors. Cocoanuts to the number of 21,000,000 and 50,000,000 oranges are annually sent to northern lands. Years ago rats devastated the sugar region to such a degree that the mongoose, a small animal of the rat species, was imported to destroy the rodents. It did most valiant work, but multiplied so enormously that the authorities are now at their wits' end looking for something to destroy the mongoose. An English garrison is located up in the cool of the mountains, while the native Tommy Atkinses have headquarters near the capital. His Lordship the Governor General also dwells in regal style at King's House, five miles beyond the metropolitan limits, the beautiful gardens presenting every variety of flora known to the region. Vegetation is tropical, sub-tropical and temperate, making it possible to dine on rhubarb and celery, asparagus and cauliflower, strawberries and cranberries each and

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Santiago Has Some Queer Streets

Santiago de Cuba is one of the oldest settlements on the island,
but long ago conceded metropolitan honors to Havana.

every day of the year. Heart disease is not a characteristic ailment of the aborigines; indeed, they take pains not to allow anything to irritate their equanimity—not even toil; for as soon as they acquire a few shillings they require a vacation long enough to properly disburse it all.

Montego Bay is perhaps the most archaic spot on the island. It is a fair-sized town of 10,000 people, and the quaintness of the place is greatly embellished by the picturesque habitations of the early Spanish settlers. Women display far more animation than men, driving carts, wheeling barrows, hawking long ropes of tobacco and smoking big black cigars with the *sang froid* of a veteran. The railway ride to Kingston, 140 miles distant, is a fascinating cyclorama of tropical enchantment as it zigzags up and around the heights of the Blue Mountains, whose tallest pinnacle pierces the velvet firmament of heaven 7,500 feet above the shore. In the ascent across the undulating hills and elevated tablelands, foaming cascades and canyons of profound depths the sunlit air begins to cool, light overcoats and wraps being finally brought into requisition. It has been said that Columbus, after traversing this tropical land in 1494, pronounced it an "island paradise;" and it has good reasons for being proud of the title, as the gorgeous landscapes would be difficult to equal, and the temperature is never excessive, due to lively breezes common to the Caribbean Sea. The Government deserves much praise for its work in road building; one of these fine highways runs all around both coasts and is intersected by others at various points.

*This region, surely, is not of earth,
Was it not dropt from heaven! Not a grove,
Citron, or pine, or cedar, not a grot,
Sea-worn and mantled with a gadding vine.
But breathes enchantment!*

—Rogers.

Hotels of grandeur dot the little isle, with beautiful lawns running down to the rolling sea. These hostelries are mainly supported by high-toned, opulent Americans who follow the trail of the departing orb and bathe in summer seas when some other folks are following the trail along the frozen path. Port Antonio, on the northern coast, is the centre of the banana trade. The town is ideally situated, and contains many "hotels" and at least one that is a real inn of great attraction. Much rivalry exists between "Antone" and the other watering places, all of which claim to possess merits far outshining their alleged competitors.

Pause a moment, gentle reader, for we have covered considerable territory in the past fifteen minutes, and let us level a thrust at the most putrescent cynic crawling on the Great Monarch's footstool. We allude to that miserable iconoclast who spends his life in satirizing the marriage bond. It's all a failure, he says. All marriages are failures—yes, from the standpoint of this disappointed purveyor of billingsgate. But he fails to state that his enmity towards the enticing daughters of Eve has been engendered by the frozen glare from the frosty eye of a faultless but frigid female. Marriage is a success—a howling success in cases entirely too numerous to mention. There's own friend Dunbar, for instance. Uncle Philip is now 105 years of age, and was building bungalows around Lower St. Andrew just about the time General Washington was ascending the golden staircase. His *four* helpmates have helped him to do his centenary marathon in clipper time and form. Uncle Philip collects the ducats in St. Luke's Church with the regularity of the golden ball; and what is more, his perspicacious optics readily discern the difference between tin and silver as it descends to the plate below. Can any iconoclast show such a record? We think not. "Oh, yes; there are exceptions; but they are not very numerous." This is hedging. And we can give at least another irrefragable instance to prove our contention. Up there in the hills of Arlington we beheld a small brigade of youngsters romping around the well-kept greensward, playing tag and engaging in many juvenile pastimes. It naturally occurred to us that the domicile was a seminary for developing the intellectual acumen of the progeny of the "hupper suckles" of high society. We were mistaken. The *eighteen* little Abramses were merely indulging in their matutinal calisthenics. And Pa and Ma Abrams seemed to be as happy as a long, sweet song.

AROUND THE METROPOLIS.

Kingston, the capital, has a population of 60,000, and is so English that the dress suit is the irrevocable rule at the evening meal. Moreover, the domicile that can claim the slightest distinction in the way of a double gate or a ten-foot "lawn" bears the nomenclature of some noble house of Britain. Hence we find a modest little cottage, surrounded by a picket fence, styled "Marlborough Villa" or perhaps "Abercrombie Hall." Of course, there are residences of superior style and dignity, while stores are large and well stocked, and the principal market could readily be patterned after by our

American municipalities, for it is large, airy and trim. The main business thoroughfare is wide and clean, and contains several buildings of importance. "Trams"—that's the English for "trolleys"—take the tourist on many pleasant little jaunts to agreeable spots in the suburban sections, the Colored "guard" collecting "tuppence" for the convenience. "Clarks" in the shops are generally Colored ladies of the better grade, while their sisters whose craniums haven't thoroughly digested the various post-graduate ologies sit cross-legged on the highways, complacently puffing away at their black pipes, swapping scandal, ridiculing the curious tourists and serenely hammering mortar off the bricks that fell during the awful cataclysm of 1907.

The principal hotel is a handsome structure, and has a fine view of the ocean front; there are also smaller places with comfortable quarters and reasonable terms. There is not the least doubt that the little black boys who cavort in and around the waters of the harbor take the palm at long-distance diving, floating and swimming. They reach their office early in the morning and remain throughout the day, even securing their meals from the tender-hearted stewards who fling decayed bananas, hardtack, loaves and other eatables at their ebony heads. They catch every coin that comes within a reasonable radius, and dive far down into the depths for those they miss. If a sixpence should be cast too far afield, they scramble hand-over-hand to the spot and then disappear like so many lumps of coal. A few minutes later a little black face bubbles above the surface, with the cry: "Thank'ee, mister; chuck us a 'bob' dis time."

THE TREACHEROUS NEPTUNE.

The wily Neptune appeared in kindly mood as we glided from the emerald shores of Jamaica upon the shimmering ripples of the Caribbean of romance. Here and there in the heavenly vault soft, translucent clouds played hide-and-seek with the glowing nocturnal queen, whose silver beams radiated the air, the sea and sky; myriads of empyrean gems merrily twinkled as they sped like seraphim across ceruleous glens, and gently swaying to and fro, as if suspended by an invisible hand, the Southern Cross sparkled as kohinoors of giant mould. Such was our departure for the tip-top of the South American continent. Eight bells had rung their midnight call to slumber, but still we stayed to enjoy the grandeur of the tropical night. At last the vigilant Morpheus wooed and won, and ere two bells sang out their pæans the cabins claimed their own. We retired as a fairy dream; we awoke to the startling

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They Charge "Tuppence" a Yard

This is how they sell tobacco in Jamaica. Some of these coils are long enough and *strong enough* to hold a man-of-war.

reality that all was not as placid as the waters of the previous night. The proud, imperious queen of all the Carib seas was pitching, rolling and shuddering as a frantic leviathan beset on every side by devouring monsters of the awful deeps. Black, ominous, sepulchral clouds enshrouded all the world. Through this funereal pall came blinding streaks that found echo in thunderous volleys of giant cannon storming aerial battlements. From below the roars of groaning valves and clanging bunker doors told of brawny stokers rushing the ore to the mighty boilers that drove the faithful screws to frenzy as they swung Prinz Joachim to breast the onslaughts of the shrieking sirens now demanding the toll of those measureless depths.

Higher, yet higher soared the foaming mountains—above the nest, across the bridge, up and on to the mystic wires aloft; now engulfing stem and stern in a monstrous desire to lash us to that bourne from whence there is no recall; again and again the ferocious imps hurl their wrath against us, while the untrammelled blades race and pound as the bow dips fifty feet below, to struggle upward a vortex of seething waters. But the shipwright had done his duty well, and after battering us for half a day, the hurricane howled to the south as inky pall gave way to skies of friendly mien.

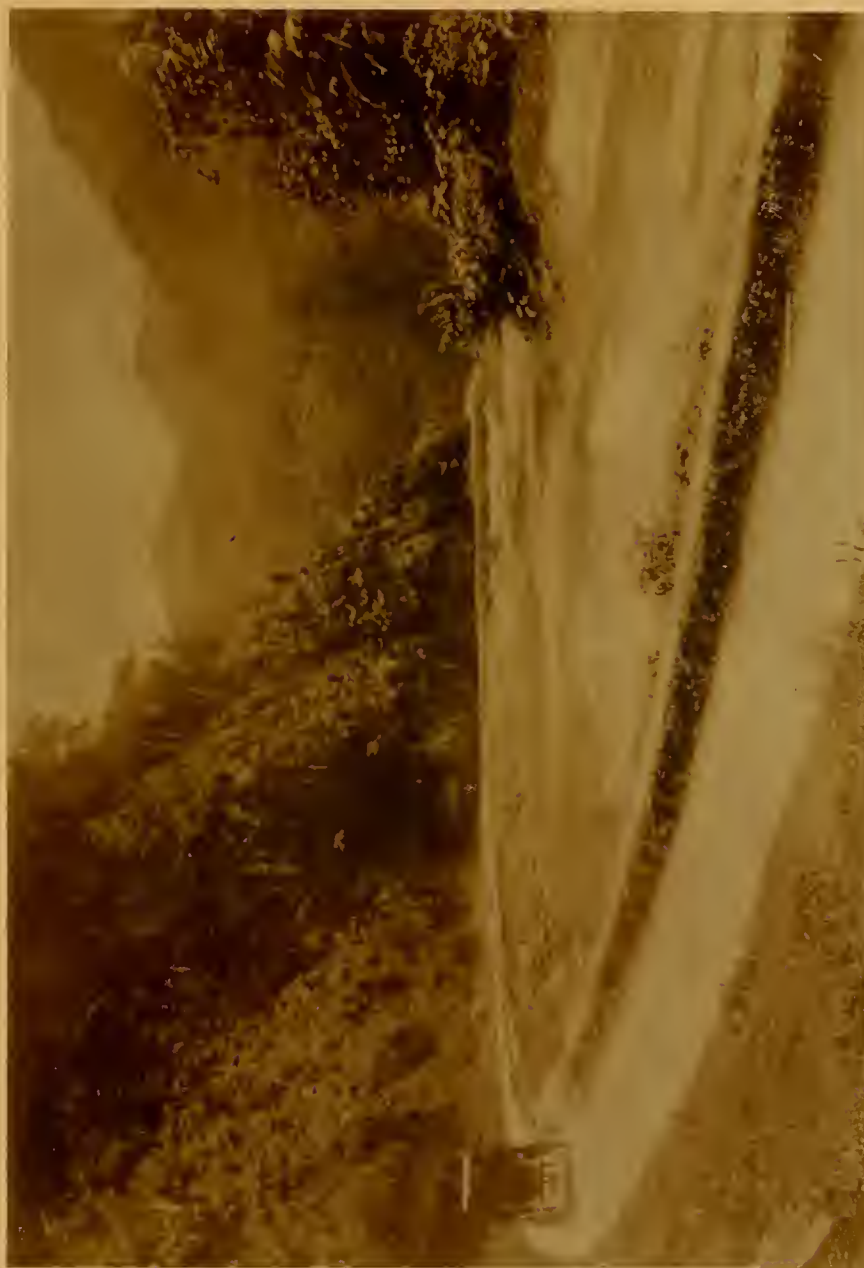
*A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill!
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!*

—Pitt.

The Tip-top of South America

Puerto Colombia lies 400 miles due south of Kingston, and cannot claim to be an ideal harbor, as it faces an open roadstead and is so shallow that the English company owning the railroad to Barranquilla, the chief "seaport" of Colombia, was compelled to build a pier nearly a mile in length to enable ships to transfer their cargoes to the waiting freight cars. The place contains a few shacks called houses, the roofs of which are covered with thatch. Small children dwell close to nature, while their dark-skinned mothers bake the family bread in primitive ovens made of clay. Barranquilla, sixteen miles from the coast, is a modern city of fifty thousand inhabitants, and its fair-sized stores and rich-appear-

FIVE THOUSAND MILES AROUND THE SOUTHERN CROSS



Road to the Bogwalk

The enchanting vistas of this section of Jamaica are unsurpassed in any land beneath the sun.

ing residences betoken much prosperity. It is the terminus of the various steamboat lines running up the Magdalena River and also acts as the mart of exchange in connection with transmarine commerce. Everything is Spanish—language, customs and religion—but there is quite a sprinkling of foreigners, especially Germans, who control the bulk of Colombian trade. Old Sol shines with equatorial brilliancy when soaring to the meridian, and during the three-hour siesta *avenidas* and *calles* are as devoid of animation as Charing Cross, Champs Elysées, Under den Linden or Broadway are alive with the nerve-racking now-or-never of the temperate zone. Not a biped of any color, nor a quadruped of any species ventures beyond the little one-story, iron-barred, plastered habitations until the terrific heat of midday has been assuaged by the cooling zephyrs that wing across the city in the hours of diurnal decay. At the stroke of six the sunset gun sends forth its booming notes, and within an hour the Zocalo fills with the gay Lothario, *embonpoint* *dueña* and æsthetic *señorita*, for along the lengthy banks of the noble Magdalena, as in places not remote, the *demoiselle* who tips the beam beyond the ten-stone limit shatters all the ethics of refined society. Along the plaza they stroll and chat, the *señors* emitting great clouds of the noxious weed, the *demoiselles* flashing glances of Andalusian hue. They are of every rank and every class, and judging from their loquacity and gesticulations, one and all are filled to overflowing with a store of knowledge somewhat more profound than an encyclopedia of unabridged dimensions. At nine o'clock the silver-throated chimes roll merrily above the lively throng, and lo! the promenaders *avaunt* like Banquo's spectre before the affrighted glare of Cawdor's Thane.

THE DISTANT BOGOTA

A story is told of a Britisher of the "leezure clawss" who ran over to America to get a glimpse of that beastly country. After viewing the hundred-story eye-shatterers along Broadway, not to mention the cozy bungalows along Fifth Avenue, he strolled into the Grand Station and said to the brass-buttoned functionary who hands out pasteboards for so many coins of the great American realm:

"Aw! I say, me good man, will you kindly oblige me with a round-trip ticket to Sawn Frawncisco?" at the same time placing a silver dollar on the windowsill.

"Come stronger," said the flippant official of the road. "Hundred and a half to 'Frisco and return."

"Aw! and what did you say, old top?"

"It'll cost you a hundred and a half to go and come."

"My word! And how far away is the blooming place?"

"Dunno 'xactly, but guess it's 3,000 miles."

After several hours' hard work the hospital doctors succeeded in resuscitating the bemonocled tourist from the little islet up there in the North Atlantic Ocean.

And in order to get to Bogota you'll have to do some tall climbing over the hilltops commonly called the Andean range. One of these hills—Tolima—is quite lofty—in the neighborhood of 19,000 feet—and although a strong-armed man like a famous American Colonel could stand alongside Cristobal Colon's statue up there in the mounds of Bogota and fling a brick through the equator, the summit is always covered with a thousand feet of shimmering snow. The tourist pays fifty-five dollars for a one-way pass upon a queer-looking two-decker at Barranquilla, bound up the Magdalena as far as La Dorado, which is reached after five carefree days of watching a million alligators, crocodiles, turtles and other things paddling around the boat and opening their mouths as if yawning for human flesh. We arrive safely at La Dorado and take a train that has never been known to shatter any schedules as far as Puerto Beltran. in order to round the rapids just above that "port." At Beltran we found another queer-looking galleon bearing a striking likeness to the pictures of the boat Captain Fulton used to navigate up and down the Hudson about the period our friend Bonaparte, at the instigation of his friends the enemy, decided to travel southward for his health—not to mention the health of his friends the enemy.

Alligators—millions of them—swarm up and down the Magdalena, and there seems to be no likelihood of the extinction of these reptiles, whatever slaughter is carried on, as every full-grown female is said to lay about one hundred eggs in a year. During the rainless months the streams subside, draining the great alluvial plains which border the main stream. The alligators, which rushed out onto the inundated flats during the previous swelling of the river, crowd back through the connecting branches and channels, where the Indian hunters slaughter them in large numbers, spearing them and hauling them out on the banks, where they are stunned and then beheaded with long-handled axes. Rifles are not used, owing to the prohibition of the use of firearms, except shotguns. Hundreds of alligators are also left stuck in the deep slime left by the receding waters, over which their short legs will not drag their heavy bodies.

FIVE THOUSAND MILES AROUND THE SOUTHERN CROSS



King Street, Kingston, Jamaica

New Government Buildings and heart of business section of the metropolis.

The animals are not molested in the main stream, as the swift current and deep water afford them easy means of escape.

They range in length from five to twenty-five feet, and some of them are six feet of girth. Several uncanny leviathans paddling alongside the boat had jaws cavernous enough to swallow a small tugboat, and it is an actual fact that their teeth grow to be six inches long. Perhaps it sounds like a dream of Ananias, but cold figures assert that 35,000 reptiles are annually speared and exported, and the number could readily be increased to 100,000, all of which is incontestable evidence that 'gators are pretty numerous along the scenic banks of the Magdalena.

Arriving safely at Girardot, the stranger is bidden ashore, and now begins a ride up the heights of the Cordilleras that would baffle the imaginative pen of Monsieur Verne or the versatile quill of Doctor Haggard to faithfully describe. A minute or so after saying adieu to the bronzed loafers hanging around the wharf we make a turn and then a twist, followed by contortions that make us wonder if the man in the cab is like the man on the cab of Dublin town who drove us up and down and all around the city and charged five shillings for something we could have done in five minutes. But the belching, the shrieks, the throbs, the groans of the powerful Scotch locomotive tell us we are leaving the lowlands for something more exalted, and to the right we view a chasm that means perdition to the unfortunate wayfarer thrown from the curving rails; up and up we struggle, and to the left a roaring, foaming cascade comes to view as it carves its way towards Honda; around a bend and across a skyline bridge suspended from the sides of friendly crags; higher and higher we climb, the smokestack sputtering like a frenzied madman in its laudable ambition to do or die; and every zigzag and every bend brings a prospect of mountain solitudes, rushing rivers and awful canyons that at once enthrall, fascinate and terrify the tourist as he rolls away from this hollow world of lies.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

All this seems a cumbersome and ancient method of transportation, and it is; but we should be very thankful for all these conveniences, as it has only been within the last twenty years that mules were employed to lug passengers and cargo up those precipitous gorges leading to the principal city of the nation.

Bogota, with its 120,000 people, reposes nearly *two miles* somewhere in and above those translucent vapors we call the clouds. We asked one of the old-time residents—quite a few of whom live

to be as old as the hills—why the Spaniards climbed so far up the Inca trail to build the metropolis, and he replied that the ancient pioneers were a nervous lot and did not wish their vasor-motor filaments to be irritated by invading armies. And it would be quite superfluous to suggest that their wish has not been solemnly acceded to, for Hannibal or Cæsar, Napoleon or Alexander—yes, *perhaps*, Theodore himself—might balk for an hour or so ere flinging the ramparts up and beyond those elongated timbers.

*See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another.*

—Shelley.

The town will never rival New York or Chicago as the home of the hundred-story building, for earthquakes are frequent—so frequent, in fact, that the older residents cannot close their eyes in slumber until rocked to sleep by the playful vibrations of our beloved terra firma—which, as all Latin scholars know, means firm, substantial earth. Spaniards called the country New Granada, and they should have named Bogota "New Venice," for the San Augustin and San Francisco Rivers split the place into four divisions, which are reached by not less than twenty bridges. Streets are clean and well paved, trolley cars giving very good service to the traveler looking for sights; and there are plenty of them in this Spanish habitation. One-story houses are the rule, but the business structures reach four and five stories. Red tiles bedeck the roofs of all the dwellings, not excepting the great Corinthian Cathedral, which is quite frequently thronged with worshipers. The Avenida de la Republica is the main thoroughfare and compares favorably with the principal streets of our smaller cities. Of course, there is a handsome plaza, a bandstand, four daily newspapers, not many foreigners, a lot of fascinating black-eyed ladies of the Spanish cast, narrow streets, a female college, a university and a museum with many specimens of ancient Inca civilization. All in all, Bogota is worth traveling ten thousand miles to see.

Tourists contemplating a visit to Colombia should be sure and take along an overcoat and a package of gilt-edged letters of introduction from people of great renown, otherwise the young squaw answering the annunciator will probably inform you that the Lady Señora has just departed for the shopping district. Of course, we all recognize that the higher we ascend the cooler becomes the atmosphere; and it can't be denied that Bogota is high—nearly 9,000

feet above the yawning jaws of the hungry alligators wallowing in the mud down at Honda. It therefore stands to reason that human blood should fail to properly circulate at this altitude; after sunset everybody complains about the cold, even in the adobe sections inhabited by the humble but honest proletariat. Along the ultra-aristocratic Avenida de Colon a roaring cascade has been known to petrify at a single glance from the awe-generating glare of a grand dame de Bogota. In some countries the baa of the golden calf flings wide the doors and windows; but this is *Colombia*, not *Columbia*, and Madame Calderon de la Barca, wife of the former Minister of Spain, gives a pretty good illustration of the frigidity rolling around the gilded gates of the famous Champs Elysées of the Southland. To paraphrase the lady: "There is one piece of etiquette entirely Colombian, nor can I imagine whence derived, by which it is ordained, that all new arrivals, whatever their rank, foreign Ministers not excepted, must, in solemn print, give notice to every family of any consideration in the capital that they have arrived and put themselves and their homes at the disposal of the residents, failing in which etiquette the newly arrived family will remain unnoticed and unknown."

Several years ago an English capitalist who made a great fortune in a mining operation built a palatial home on the magnificent Boulevard de Colon. When the time arrived to throw wide the portals, invitations were issued to every family of importance, especially those of the *most exclusive* ranks of society. The caterer whose cuisinery nourishes the æsthetic palates of the elect outdid himself in the splendid déjeuner prepared for the auspicious event, while contraltos and tenors of great renown were at hand to charm the well-bred ear of dignified señor, elegant señora and lithesome señorita. It so happened, however, that the wife of the man of millions in previous days had contracted a marriage with a gentleman whose idiosyncrasies (so she said) made life unbearable. She thereupon repaired to Reno, and after a curtailed sojourn in the "queen" city of Nevada took as husband the mining king. It is unnecessary to remark that up-to-date institutions of the divorce mill order are quite incompatible with the retrogressive life of old Colombia, and for the benefit of those who have yet to scale the lofty pinnacles of the South American Andes, it may be stated that although a very hot day is still unrecorded by the painstaking clerk to whom has been assigned the tabulation of the atmospheric data of the City of Bogota, nightfall always means light overcoats and light furs, even in the season when the great

FIVE THOUSAND MILES AROUND THE SOUTHERN CROSS



A Bird's-eye View of Bogotá

The capital, surrounded by high mountains, is nearly 9,000 feet above the level of the sea.

caloric ball casts its most affectionate gleam upon the Southland. In order to better understand the meaning of 9,000 feet, let us cast our mind's eye upon a modern ten-story building, a type by no means common in these days of babelized architecture, excepting in a few of the larger cities. We will place ten cloud-piercers upon the first, and continue to add ten upon ten until we have an edifice that might baffle a New York contractor—some nine hundred stories above the ground!—and the air is so light at this point that the mercury descends immediately after sunset, sometimes falling to 40 degrees by 10 o'clock. The night of the *soirée* a polar blast swept across the northern horizon, and when the hour arrived for exchanging felicitations the magnate's *garçons* slumbered for want of something to do. Not one Colombian lady of recognized social status graced the gathering. A few weeks later the grand dame's physician peremptorily ordered her to quit the city, because the altitudinous oxygen had *ætiologized* the perceptiveness of her sensorium! The couple immediately sailed away to establish their future home in Merrie England. The million-dollar lobster palace was later knocked down for a Castilian song to a plebeian parvenu whose father had worked others for a living.

We cannot slight this great country by merely relating incidents along the line. The Republic deserves a bulky volume to properly describe its enormous possibilities. Colombia covers about 500,000 square miles of territory—that is to say, as large as Germany, France and Great Britain combined, with a population nearing the 5,000,000 mark. The surface of the country varies from the low-lying plains of the East to the lofty mountains of the West, and is washed on either side by Atlantic and Pacific. The hot regions produce everything known to the tropics, while the lands above, which are verdant as high as 11,000 feet, produce vegetation known to many climes. Mineral deposits are illimitable, and there is no doubt that when the country increases in population Colombia will become a wealthy nation of the first magnitude. It is true that political conditions in the past have not been conducive to the well-being of the country, but of late years a determined effort has been made by all classes to bring about a more tranquil system of government.

Railroad connections will not connect the capital with the Western coast for many a long day; so the traveler returns down the Magdalena, and generally sails from Cartagena, a venerable eastern seaport. The town is very ancient, many of the streets being barely

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Cartagena, Colombia, Resembles Old Jerusalem

Cartagena was formerly the most important seaport of Colombia,
but has recently been outdistanced by Barranquilla.

wide enough to allow the passage of two carts in opposite directions. It stands on an island and communication to the mainland is had by a series of bridges. From a distance, Cartagena bears a strong resemblance to ancient Jerusalem, and many of the inhabitants appear to have participated in the ceremonies attending the digging of the first foundations of the city. A university of note, a fine-looking cathedral, the usual plaza and quite a number of itinerant peddlers are to be found within the confines of the port. Perhaps these Cartaginians have many obsessions, but it cannot be stated with any degree of truth that they are obsessed with any desire to outrival each other in the field of toil.

THE SPANISH TONGUE.

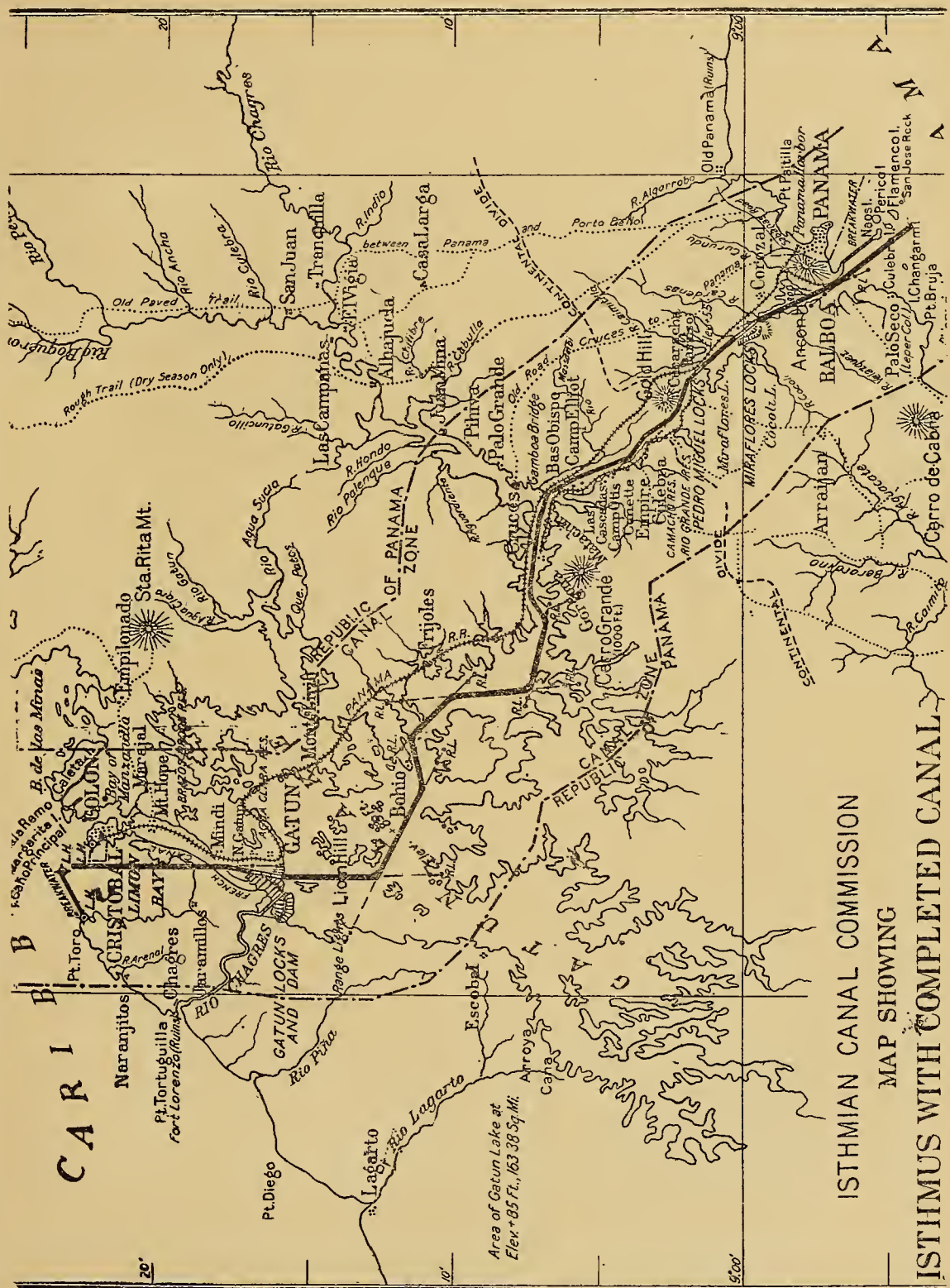
Before plowing the waves that roll across the Caribbean Sea, let us stop for a moment and consider the vast continent that pays tribute to the tongue of ancient Spain. Roughly speaking, Spanish America, from the Rio Grande to Magellan Strait, embraces eight million square miles of territory, a considerable part of which contains vast deposits of every mineral known to the geologist, while forests of enormous proportions dot the surface of many pristine lands; and when we consider that the vast bulk of this area, with its diversified climates, is accessible and productive of the greatest agricultural and industrial results, the comparison between English-speaking America (six million square miles) and that of the Castilian tongue must weigh heavily in the latter's favor. Brazil and Peru combined are larger than the entire Continent of Europe. Six French Republics could be placed within the confines of the thriving Argentine. Were Germany thrice her present size, there would be room for her and England within the borders of Bolivia and Ecuador. There is space for four Spanish kingdoms, together with Ireland, Belgium and Holland, in Colombia and Venezuela, while the Chilean Republic covers twice the area of the Mikado's busy empire. The land of the Southern Cross is making giant strides commercially, politically and socially, and her language shall one day challenge supremacy with English itself in the Western Hemisphere. It should be understood that the musical speech of Spain is daily used by nearly one hundred million members of the human family. Nor are these people below mediocrity in matters pertaining to education or social laws. Institutions of learning are numerous, while science, letters, music and art have countless followers. A great future confronts our friends of the Southland, and there is good reason for emphasizing the necessity of introducing their language into the superior schools of the United States.

The Panama Canal

Before attempting a necessarily brief survey of the fifty-mile link that is destined to change the commercial routes of the whole civilized world, as well as to dim or illumine the prestige and affluence of many nations now of high and low degree, it should be known that the consummation of the Panama Canal is the dream of centuries and is coincident with Balboa's discovery of the Pacific in 1513. King, the able author of "Wonders of the World," states that "in the town library of Nuremberg is preserved a globe, made by Johann Schöner in 1520. It is remarkable that the passage through the Isthmus of Darien, so much sought after in later times, is on this globe carefully traced." The historian Gomera advocated the union of the oceans in 1550; and it has been recorded that the Dutch prepared plans for the same work upwards of two hundred years ago. Cutting through the waist of the earth was such a popular theme that the ubiquitous Munchhäusen felt compelled to consign to paper a most remarkable and interesting account of how he wedded Atlantic to Pacific in 1786. It preceded the prophecy of Goethe by a generation, and runs as follows:

"On our arrival at the Isthmus of Darien, sensible of what general benefit it would be to mankind, I immediately formed a plan of cutting a canal across the Isthmus from sea to sea. For this purpose I drove my chariot with the greatest impetuosity repeatedly from shore to shore, in the same track, tearing up the rocks and earth thereby, and forming a tolerable bed for the water. God and Magog next advanced at the head of a million of people from the realm of North and South America, and from Europe, and with infinite labor cleared away the earth and rocks that I had plowed up with my chariot. I then again drove my chariot, making the canal wider and deeper, and ordered Gog and Magog to repeat their labor as before. The canal being a quarter of a mile broad and three hundred yards in depth, I thought it sufficient and immediately let in the waters of the sea. I did imagine that from the rotary motion of the earth on its axis from west to east, the sea would be higher on the eastern than the western coast, and that on the uniting of the two seas there would be a strong current from the east, and it happened just as I expected. The sea came in with tremendous magnificence, and enlarged the bonds of the canal, so as to make a passage of some miles broad from ocean to ocean, and make an island of South America. Several sail of trading vessels and men-of-war sailed through this new channel to the

FIVE THO USAND MILES AROUND THE SOUTHERN CROSS



ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION

MAP SHOWING

ISTHMUS WITH COMPLETED CANAL

South Seas and China, and saluted me with all their cannon as they passed. Thus having wedded the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea, I returned to England."

EARLIER PROJECTS.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, at the extreme southern end of Mexico, was long favored by the Spaniards, and it is known that Cortés had a survey made about 1530 for a canal to link the Gulf with the Pacific. The isthmus at this point is 120 miles wide, and the project was held in abeyance and finally abandoned upon the completion of the railroad from Vera Cruz to Salina Cruz thirty years ago. The Nicaraguan route had many adherents, and in 1889 the Nicaraguan Canal Company, an American corporation, undertook the work of sailing ships from coast to coast via the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, the latter being 110 feet above the level. This projected highway was to have been 170 miles in length, of which 142 miles passed through the river and lake, leaving 28 miles to be excavated. Much money was expended in dredging, pier building and railway construction. The United States Commissioners estimated that \$130,000,000 would be required. Financial difficulties resulted in the liquidation of the company. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the able French engineer who supervised the construction of the Suez Canal, undertook the task of snapping the rock-ribbed strip binding the vast empires of the North and South. He had linked Orient with Occident in the remarkably short space of ten years and six months; but it will be recalled that the Suez route, although one hundred miles in length, passes through three lakes fifty-eight miles long. After years of incapacity, mismanagement and pestilence, the French shareholders lost the large sum of \$300,000,000. Colonel George W. Goethals, the eminent chief engineer of the Canal Commission, has found available about 30,000,000 of the 78,000,000 cubic yards excavated by the Gallic workers.

After satisfactory arrangements were completed for the purchase of the French company's rights for \$40,000,000, negotiations with the Republic of Panama were carried on to secure other necessary rights and privileges not held by the French company. After a long delay, a treaty was formulated, which was rejected by Colombia in 1903. The Province of Panama, an integral part of Colombia, thereupon seceded and organized an independent republic with an area of about 31,000 square miles, resulting in the negotiations of a

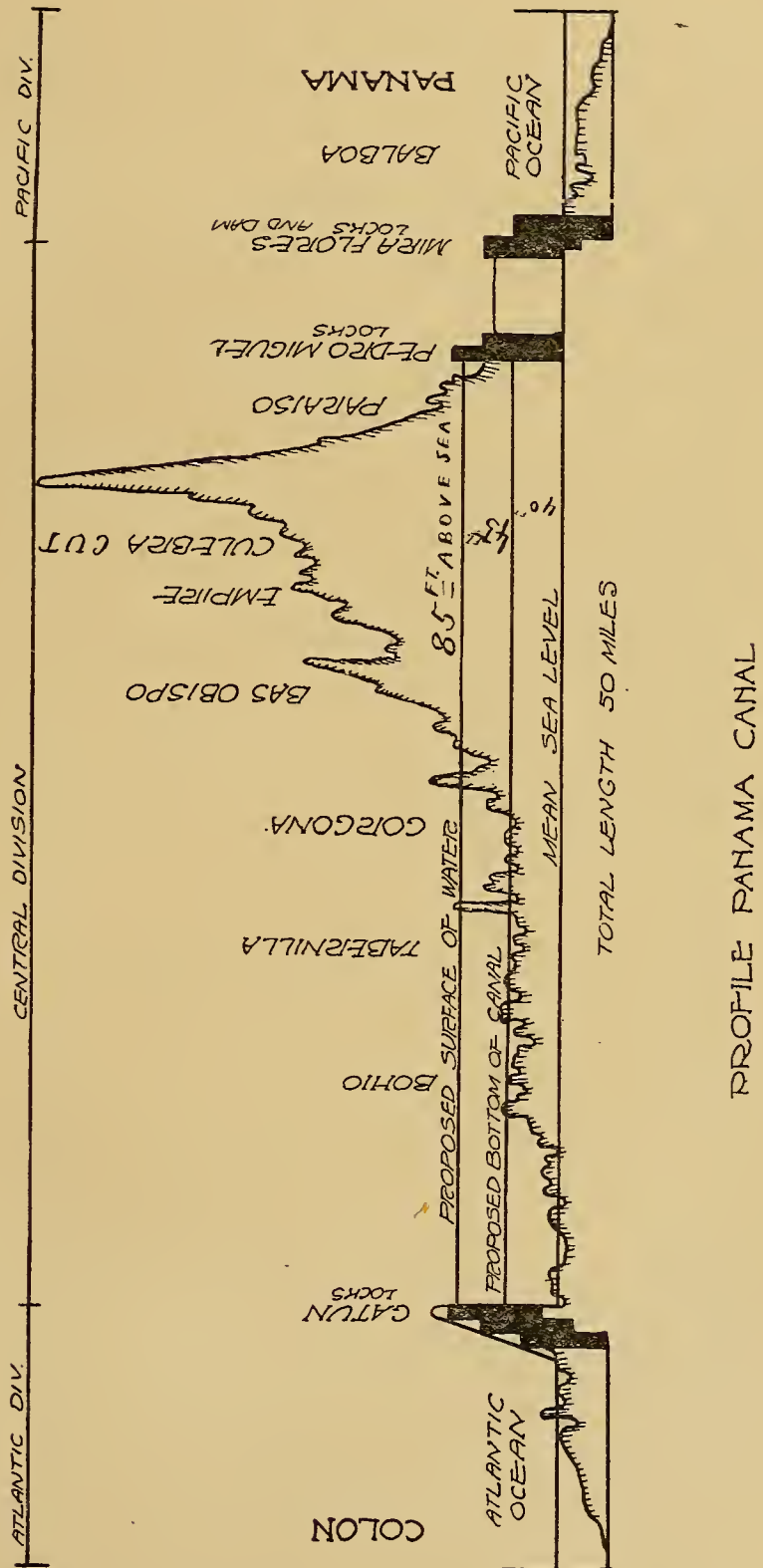
satisfactory treaty with the new Republic of Panama, including the payment, under certain terms, of \$10,000,000 by the United States to the Republic of Panama and an annual payment of \$250,000 beginning nine years after the signing of the treaty. Under this treaty the United States guaranteed the independence of the Republic of Panama and secured absolute control over what is now called the Canal Zone, a strip of land about ten miles in width, with the Canal through the centre, and forty-five miles in length from sea to sea, with an area of about 450 square miles. The formal opening will occur January 1, 1915, after 250,000,000 cubic yards have been excavated.

It would require a volume of literature to convey a true conception of the magnitude of the isthmian span between the Caribbean's roll and the Pacific's swell, for it is undoubtedly the greatest work the dauntless engineer has as yet attempted in conquering problems that have baffled and defied the mind and muscle of man. The entire length of the Canal from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific is about fifty miles. Its length from shore line to shore line is about forty miles. In passing through it from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a vessel will enter the approach channel in Limon Bay and proceed to Gatun, a distance of about seven miles. At Gatun it will enter a series of three locks in flight, varying from 25 to 30 feet, and be lifted 85 feet to the level of Gatun Lake. (A study of the Profile will enable the reader to intelligently grasp the meaning and extent of these figures.) The ship may steam at full speed through this lake, in a channel varying from 1,000 to 500 feet in width, for a distance of about 24 miles, to Bas Obispo, where it will enter the Culebra Cut. It will pass through the Cut, a distance of about nine miles, in a channel with a bottom width of 300 feet, to Pedro Miguel. There it will enter a lock and be lowered 30 feet to a small lake, at an elevation of 54 feet above sea level, and will pass through this for about one and a half miles to Miraflores. There it will enter two locks in series and be lowered to sea level, passing out into the Pacific through a channel about eight and one-half miles in length, with a bottom width of 500 feet.

THE GIANT LOCKS.

The lock gates will be steel structures 7 feet thick, 65 feet long and from 47 to 82 feet high. In the construction of the locks it is estimated that there will be used approximately 5,000,000 barrels of cement. Vessels will not be permitted to enter or pass through

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the locks under their own power, but will be towed through by electric locomotives running on cog rails laid on the tops of the lock walls, which are about as tall as a six-story house.

The water surface of the lake will be maintained during the rainy season at 87 feet above sea level, making the minimum channel depth in the Canal 47 feet. Forty vessels will be enabled to make the passage daily from coast to coast, or more than twice that of the famous Suez Canal.

The United States Government has spent several million dollars in giving the Zone thorough sanitation and erected homes and boarding houses for its army of diggers. The various "town sites" along the route contain model homes for a tropical community. Everything is built above the ground, so as to allow the fresh air—and there is an abundance of it on the Isthmus—to invade the innermost recesses, while wire netting all around the verandas protects the sleeper during his nocturnal rest. Climatic conditions are more favorable than many are wont to believe because of its nearness to the equator. The temperature ranges between 70 and 80 degrees.

The volume of trade now passing over the tracks of the Panama Railroad is stupendous. Opened in 1855, the fare for many years was \$25 across the Isthmus—over fifty cents per mile! To-day it is \$2.40.

Across Costa Rican Peaks

Northbound "fruiters" find Port Limon a profitable port of call, for the banana crop is so great that two ships a day could readily be loaded to the line. Excepting on the southern entrance to the harbor, the town is at the mercy of the open sea. Docking facilities are above the ordinary, being built by a large American fruit company that practically controls the trade of the Republic. The principal object of interest that attracts the tourist is the loading of the countless thousands of green bananas that ascend from wharf to deck on an appliance constructed on the lines of a moving staircase. Two stevedores on the deck roll the large bunches to men below, and they in turn keep the fruit moving downward after the fashion of an endless chain. Forty thousand bunches are thus handled in the space of ten hours, with two gangs feeding the hatches fore and aft. The town itself is of little importance, for it is in the centre of the rain belt, which sometimes means an

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How the Ships Are Locked

Entering from Gatun Dam or Atlantic, ships are raised or lowered eighty-five feet.

inundation copious enough to float a few of our ten-million-dollar dreadnoughts. The railroad ride to San José is one of tropical and sub-tropical grandeur, the engine doing heavy drilling in its climb up and around the curving, twisting rails that lead to the metropolis, one hundred miles to the west. Six hours are required to make the ascent, for the city is 5,000 feet above the level of the earth, and at a point nine miles distant the track reaches an altitude of 6,000 feet. The seat of legislation is built on a level plateau, surrounded by undulating ridges, and the climatic conditions are most agreeable. Midday is never excessively hot and the nights are always cool enough for sheet and blanket. Being of Spanish blood, the Costa Ricans love music and song, so they spent a million and a half in the erection of the National Opera House, a theatre of regal magnificence, thus displaying great artistic development on the part of 40,000 citizens of the capital of a little nation that claims a population of 400,000 souls. The building, illuminated by an enormous number of electric lights, is so arranged that the entire floor can be raised to one level for public and private functions. The Cathedral, a noble edifice, stands alone and faces a beautiful zocalo, the Parque Morazan, wherein are to be found a thousand species of plant life.

SAN JOSE IS UP-TO-DATE.

It is not hyperbole to say that there are but few cities of the same size that display more animation or progressiveness than we find in San José. Bananas and coffee have produced an élite second to none, and their sons and daughters are generally educated in the United States and Europe. One-story houses are the rule, and many of these are of adobe; but on the Calle Real there are handsome domiciles surrounded by tropical gardens. The town has its aristocratic suburbs, which are reached by the trolley line, and it is a peculiar fact that this bustling little metropolis boasts the only electric car service south of Mexico City in North America. Heavy shutters, iron bars and the grilles reminiscent of mediæval Spain, such as one sees in many old colonial towns of Central and South America, are conspicuous by their absence in San José. It will be recalled that Cartago was devastated by earth shocks early in 1910, when the Arbitration Palace built by Mr. Andrew Carnegie at a cost of \$250,000 was shaken down. The climate is healthy and fresh, and the residents deserve unbounded praise for their efforts to dig away the débris and erect a newer and finer city.

Limon has a Western rival on the Pacific Slope in the port of

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Costa Rica's Palatial Home of Music

Costa Ricans are mostly of Spanish blood, and of course love music and song. The National Opera House cost \$1,500,000.

Punta Arenas. For some peculiar reason, the air is dry and devoid of humidity, making the town quite a resort for vacationists. Situated on the banks of the Nicoyan Gulf, lively winds help to make life worth while in this tropical land. Great skill has been required to link the capital city with the coast, for the roadbed drops five thousand feet in its descent to the level. Several modern bridges span chasms that fall, it seemed from our dizzy point of vantage, to the very centre of the earth itself, and as we gazed upon the wind-swept plains, encircled by the ragged mountain chain; as we caught the sparkle of miniature cities jeweled here and there in oases of olive and orange; as we viewed the rushing rivers madly sweeping across a thousand gorges to the western seas, we unhesitatingly pronounced Costa Rica one of the most marvelously picturesque countries under the sun.

Along the curving lines of the Gulf the cement promenade is shaded by a long row of amate tree, sometimes known as the banyan. Roots climb downward from the branches, and after taking a firm hold in the earth, continue to spread their limbs indefinitely along the shore. Men obsessed with a desire to enlighten the world in the field of letters and young ladies with an ambition to excel Michael Angelo as wielders of the brush artistic could not find a more agreeable spot on this terrestrial sphere than along the promenade of picturesque Punta Arenas.

Homeward Bound Through Mexico

Ships on the Pacific side are not noted for their record-smashing capabilities, so it required five days to reach Manzanillo, a progressive Pacific port of Mexico. But our itinerary called for views far more ancient than modern piers, so we hastened to climb the highlands leading to cooler and more historic regions. During the journey up the steep incline leading to Guadalajara a broadspreading plume of black, thick smoke obscured the heavens from our view. Forest fires, no doubt, were ravaging the virgin woodlands; or perhaps the foundries and smelters of twentieth-century "civilization" were rolling their peso-laden incense in voluminous wreaths around the skyline? Our guess was wretchedly bad, for as we drilled around a tortuous bend there came to view an aerial furnace in working order—Colima, the only active volcano in North America—pitching its scorching lava thousands of feet into the reaches of space.

We are in Guadalajara, once the most beautiful city of Mexico, but now laid low by subterrestrial outbursts. So let us pause and survey this venerable land, so enchanting of vista and affluent beyond computation in the gifts of Nature, whose geographical boundaries, geological vaults and social activities dwarf to mediocrity many nations of premier rank; this land whose chronology was old ere Phœnician or Corinthian displayed his superiority upon the raging main, before Homer sang or dauntless Hannibal had cast his outposts beyond the towering Alps; this embryonic giant among the races that are to come, and as familiar to many of our countrymen as the bazaars of old Kabul or the fjords of fast-flowing Magellan—the ancient and modern land of Mexico.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

We have alluded to Mexico as a land of antiquity, and it would be well to have a short résumé of its history prior to the arrival of Cortés at Vera Cruz on April 21, 1519. Historians assert that the Toltecs were descendants of an Asiatic tribe that came to the New World across the Pacific or via Bering Strait. In the eighth century they invaded the Mexican Valley and established the capital of Tula. Their superior mentality is shown by the ruins of buildings still extant. As with other races in other lands, the Toltecs four centuries later made way for a newer clan, the Chichimecs, who were far below mediocrity in comparison with their predecessors. Their reign was brief. Then came the Aztecs at the end of the twelfth century and erected their capital upon the site of the present metropolis, naming it in honor of Mexitli, their god of war. They were an energetic and intelligent people, as is illustrated by numerous temples remaining in the neighborhood of the Valley, and evidenced their prowess as warriors by subjugating various tribes of aborigines inhabiting adjacent territory. When Cortés cast anchor their rule extended from Atlantic to Pacific. Self-abnegation was not the errand of the Spaniards, for the armada had been fitted out by Charles V. at the expenditure of many ducats, and of course the tonnage of the tiny frigates was not calculated to reduce to a minimum those distressing symptoms the French call *mal de mer*; indeed, it has been chronicled that the commodore captain of the fleet was far from sanguinary as to his ability to keep afloat until terra firma loomed to view. Moreover, the Castilians, then the premier merchants of the world, thought the natives should offer something more substantial than kind

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Panoramic View of San Jose, C. R.

Earthquake tremors are sometimes felt in the metropolis, so the citizens prefer one-story houses.

words for the privilege of being enlightened by the most polished members of civilized society. Again, Cortés and his army of six hundred explorers spent many weary days and nights marching up and around the zigzag trail that led to the habitat of Montezuma, the King of the Aztec nation. All these things were weighty in influencing the foreigners to make demands for at least a province over which should float the banner of the King who ruled in old Madrid. Montezuma was not conciliatory, and the conflict began in earnest, resulting in the permanent predominance of the language and laws of Spain. It should be remembered, however, that the invaders were equipped with modern weapons of war, while the Aztecs used the cruder implements of less "civilized" strategists; it will also be recalled the stubborn resistance offered to the Spaniards, especially at the siege of the capital, was of a nature to make the explorers sincerely regret having left their comfortable homes to seek the goods and chattels of their foreign friends.

Moving pictures, joy rides and harem skirts had made but slight progress in the good old days, and the period through which we have just passed was by no means fraught with the many dangers to the young as now confront our present great "intellectual" and industrial attainments. So we take pleasure in reproducing an Aztec mother's advice to her daughter, translated from Sahagun's "History of New Spain." It is as follows:

THE AZTEC MOTHER'S ADVICE.

"My beloved daughter, you have already heard and attended to the words which your father has told you. They are precious words, and such as are rarely spoken or listened to, and which have proceeded from the bowels and heart, in which they were treasured up; and your beloved father well knows that you are his daughter, and God knows that it is so. What more can you hear than what you have heard from your lord and father? Nevertheless, I will say to you some few words. Remember that nine months I bore you in my womb, that you were born and brought up in my arms. This I tell you in order that you may know that I and your father are the source of your being; it is we who now instruct you. Take care that your garments are such as are decent and proper, and observe that you do not adorn yourself with much finery, since this is a mark of vanity and of folly. As little becoming is it that your dress shall be very mean, dirty or ragged. Let your clothes be becoming and neat, that you may neither appear fantastic

nor mean. Do not raise your voice very high, nor speak very low, but in a moderate tone. And when you may be obliged to jump over a pool of water, do it with decency, that you may appear neither clumsy nor light.

"Walk through the street quietly and with propriety. See likewise, my daughter, that you never paint your face or stain it or your lips with colors, in order to appear well, since this is a mark of vile and unchaste women. But, that your husband may not dislike you, adorn yourself, wash yourself and cleanse your clothes, and let this be done with moderation. Those noble and venerable dames, your grandmothers, told us not so many things as I have told you—they said but few words, and spoke thus: 'Listen, my daughters; in this world it is necessary to live with much prudence and circumspection. Hear this allegory, which I shall now tell you and preserve it, and take from it a warning and example for living aright. Here in this world we travel by a very narrow, steep and dangerous road, which is as a lofty mountain ridge, on whose top passes a narrow path; on either side is a great gulf without bottom, and if you deviate from the path you will fall into it. There is need, therefore, of much discretion in pursuing the road.' Only one thing remains to be said, and I have done. If God shall give you life, see that you guard yourself carefully, that no stain comes upon you. When it shall please God that you receive a husband, and you are placed under his authority, be free from arrogance, see that you are not disrespectful to him. Beware that in no time or place you commit the treason against him called infidelity. And remember, my daughter, that though no man shall see you, nor your husband ever know what happens, *God, who is in every place, sees you*, will be angry with you and will also excite the indignation of the people against you, and will be avenged upon you as He shall see fit. My dear daughter, see that you live in the world in peace, tranquillity and contentment all the days that you shall live."

Is it to be wondered at that a race so filled with Christian philosophy have survived the onward march of civilization?

MILDNESS OF THE CLIMATE.

Mexico is the land of wonders, but none surpasses its climatic conditions. Along the coast belt the sun beats down with tropical intensity, thirty miles inland the mercury descends, up and beyond this point the temperate zone is reached. Foothills of the Sierra

FIVE THOUSAND MILES AROUND THE SOUTHERN CROSS



The Cathedral Plaza, Mexico City

The American-made electric cars arrive at and depart from the Plaza, in the heart of the city. Car service is good.

Madré Mountains rise abruptly near the plateau upon which rests so much of the Republic. Metropolitan gauges have registered an average of sixty-two degrees during August for twenty years, due, of course, to the altitude, the capital being 7,400 feet above the level of the sea. In 1873 the total length of railroad track was 335 miles; to-day upward of 16,000 traverse every State and cut the time of communication to hours where a generation ago weeks were required to cover the same journey. There is no country in the world where railroading has demanded more patience, labor and ingenuity than we find displayed on the various mountain lines of Mexico. Double locomotives of the most powerful type are largely used, owing to steepness of the grade. Nor does the scenery along any route surpass the magnificent views presented to the traveler making his way from Manzanillo up and across the altitudinous peaks that rear their hoary heads two and three miles above the gorges and valleys below. The most eloquent tongue, the most facile pen, the most artistic brush would fail to picture the thousand vistas of enthralling grandeur presented to the enchanted beholder along the eastern and western slopes of the great Cordilleras.

Pike's Peak, in Colorado, is an eminence of conspicuity, being 14,108 feet above the earth, and the same is true of Mont Blanc, the Alpine king, 15,781 feet amidst the clouds; but neither of these monarchs attains the dignity of the famous "White Lady of Mexico"—Ixtaccihuatl—whose silver diadem graces her queenly brow at an elevation of 17,500 feet.

The Tropic of Cancer, 400 miles south of the Texas border, is crossed at Catorce, the northern parallel of latitude being indicated by a monument near the railroad. The line denoting the tropical zone flashes around this terrestrial globe just north of the Philippines, Canton, China, and Calcutta, India, thence crosses the Red Sea and the barren wastes of Sahara, all of which are justly celebrated for their torrid climate. The traveler, however, feels no discomfort here, for Catorce is fanned by the buoyant winds that waft their way through the illimitable void of heaven 6,200 feet above the level of the earth.

*How often we forget all time, when lone
Admiring Nature's universal throne;
Her woods—her wilds—her mountains—the intense
Reply to HERS to our intelligence!*

—Byron.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Mexico City, the handsome and substantial capital of the Republic, with a population of 550,000, was founded by the Aztecs in 1325, and probably contained a hundred thousand souls before Columbus saw the light of day. The streets are of good width, well cleaned and lighted. At night the policemen stand with lanterns at the intersections of the various thoroughfares, and it is said that should a person in need of an illuminant carry off the light the officer is fined five dollars, while an unsuccessful pilferer is levied on for an equal tribute. Modern business structures are quite numerous, and several approach the dignity of skyscrapers, although ten stories is the limit prescribed by the local law. The General Post Office is of imposing appearance, and the National Opera House, now nearing completion, representing an investment of \$5,000,000, will rank with the grandest in the world. It exemplifies the native love of the musical.

The National Museum is worth traveling far to visit, for herein are to be found parchments of great age and interest. The coach of state used by the ill-fated Maximilian is a prominent relic of empire days. But by far the most interesting and instructive object is the famous Aztec Calendar Stone. This peculiar work of the sculptor's art was used by the race of other days to determine the various seasons of the year. It also suggests that mathematics and astronomy were not unknown sciences. The Stone, which is ten feet tall and six feet wide, was formerly lodged in the wall of the Cathedral, to be later removed to its present home. The National Art Gallery has an international reputation for its vast collection of paintings, and the native artists have good reason to be proud of their labors, as their pictures in many cases will stand comparison with those of world-wide prominence. The National Palace, containing various offices of the Government, is a long, low structure. On its façade hangs the "Bell of Dolores," which first rang out its pæans of independence in 1810, when Father Hidalgo marched forth to free his beloved Mexico from the bonds of European sovereignty. The Conservatory of Music has graduated a larger number of pupils during its existence of a century than any similar institution on this continent. Twelve great schools of the Federal District comprise law, medicine, engineering, architecture and commerce, besides a school devoted exclusively to the fine arts. The homes of these societies are generally

handsome and substantial structures, equipped with every modern improvement. The capital also boasts the oldest college in North America—the Colegio San Juan de Letras, which was opened by Jesuit instructors in 1530.

Several of the beautiful drives around the city are lined for miles with stately trees and shrubbery. Carriages are numerous, a respectable two-horse vehicle being obtainable at one dollar per hour for three persons. The celebrated Castle of Chapultepec, the White House of Mexico, reposing on a hill in the outskirts, in the earlier centuries was the home of Montezuma and later that of the various Viceroy's dispatched by the King of Spain to rule his empire beyond the seas. The great Cathedral, standing on the site of the ancient Aztec Temple, is the grandest edifice of the Western Hemisphere. Begun in 1573, a century was consumed in its construction. It is 425 feet wide, 200 feet deep and cost, including the beautiful furnishings, \$5,000,000 gold; the chancel rail is of solid silver and many of the paintings and statuary are priceless. The organ in this vast basilica is as tall as a three-story house and almost as large. Here on Sundays and feast days may be seen representatives of every degree of human society. Side by side on the bare stones of this gorgeous tabernacle (for pews are not in general use in Mexico), the grandee of New Granada, the ragged peon, the graceful daughter of old Castile and the humble pancake woman are found in great abundance. Adherents of the Catholic creed predominate, but Baptist, Episcopal, Jewish, Presbyterian and other churches of prominence are to be found in various sections of the city. Two daily newspapers furnish current news for twenty thousand American and British residents.

BEAUTIES OF CUERNAVACA.

The railway route leading to historic Cuernavaca (5,000 feet) is one gigantic zigzag, and the throbbing locomotives must serpentine up and around the precipitous crags that lead to La Cima, *two miles* above the undulating breakers of the Oriental seas. American "specials" have been known to annihilate seventy-five miles of space in the course of an hour's run, but here two powerful engines, belching like maddened demons, require about five hours to cover the same distance between the termini of the division. At times the groaning train crawls along like a tortoise as it skirts the sides of the imperious giants that reign in august serenity far beyond the hills and vales, cañons and hamlets in the

dizzy depths below. The descent is made at lively speed in the shadow of Ajusco (13,000 feet), which forms the culminating point of the mountain ridge. On and on through fields of sugar cane and rolling hills we twist and curve until to the south of us a myriad of domes and steeples proclaim the vicinity of an ideal spot wherein to while away the vacation hours at our disposal—Cuernavaca—summer home of the élite and favorite rendezvous of Cortés and Maximilian. Elegant mansions abound on every side, also handsome boulevards and drives, and it is quite an agreeable sight to view the grand señora and petite señorita taking their afternoon spin behind a pair of prancing bays that step along with all the hauteur befitting high-born members of the equine family.

Aguas Calientes (hot waters), a manufacturing town of 40,000 inhabitants, is noted for the beauty and variety of its "drawn work." This embroidery is all wrought by the skillful hands of Indian peasants. It is safe to say the famous needlewomen of Paris cannot surpass the artistic productions of these humble peons of Mexico.

Almost everything known to man is grown in different sections of the country, including cotton, oranges, rice, wheat and hemp. Industrially the nation has made great strides within recent years, factories and foundries being numerous in the various States. There is scarcely a mineral known to the geologist that does not find lodgment beneath the surface of this favored land. For 350 years mining has been adding millions upon millions to the national wealth. Fabulous fortunes have been dug from the centre of the earth, and will so continue for generations to come, as Mexico is honeycombed with gold, silver, copper, coal and other deposits.

While it is not the writer's purpose to enter upon an arraignment of the laws of Mexico, thinking men must recognize the inadvisability of allowing a chosen few to own vast stretches of farming lands. Enormous haciendas should be dissolved by national legislation and divided into ranches of twenty-five or fifty acres. This would result in keeping down much of the rebellious spirit periodically displayed by the peasantry, and it should also bring in a desirable immigration from overcrowded Europe. Latitude gives only a rude indication of climate. A factor of much importance is altitude.



In Mitla's Ancient Empire

From 1522 begins the era of modern Mexico, so we shall proceed to view a province of the earth by no means modern—a province where civilization prevailed ere Tubal Cain had spanned the Hellespont. Being far to the south of the capital, two days are required to reach the goal. The traveler leaves the train at Oaxaca and devotes several hours to this venerable community. Oaxaca is celebrated for two reasons—it was established six years before the intrepid Genoese pointed the prows of his little caravels to breast the waters of the Western seas and it is the birthplace of two well-known Dictators, Juarez and Diaz, both of whom were of Indian blood. Climatic conditions are most agreeable—neither hot nor cold—and although it is said to contain 35,000 inhabitants, there is no superior on the map for the subjugation of abnormal nerve tension. Dark-skinned, steeple-hatted gentry amble along the yard-wide sidewalks as placidly as employees of a Socialistic navy yard. An obsolete mule car jogs through the main thoroughfare at a most apathetic pace; in fact, everything is apathetic in this centre of antiquity.

We made specific inquiries regarding the avocations of the populace, inasmuch as one and all appeared to have naught to do but inhale the noxious weed and loiter around the avenidas. No one seemed anxious to divulge their neighbor's private affairs, so we are still sighing to learn how they contrive to eat, drink and make merry, with no thought of futurity. The introduction of up-to-date American boiler foundries, with the usual time clock, might assist in instilling into the minds of these heathen Oaxacans a proper desire to engage in the civilized art of work, although they would probably engage in philosophical controversy to prove the error of such egregious deductions. Strenuous Yankees suffering from the excruciating pangs of dollaritis will find nothing to perturb their equanimity along the highways and byways of old Oaxaca.

A pleasant drive of twenty-five miles and the antiquary has bridged the abyss that reaches to the far-distant past—ere Romulus laid the foundations of Eternal Rome or Sabaen reached the zenith of his fame—to the scene of empire now shrouded by the veil that obscures and darkens the history of a race whose handicraft gives pronouncement to genius and energy of no mean order—the Empire of Mitla!

The most imposing monument is a long, massive building thought to have been the principal hall of legislation. The front is perhaps

250 feet wide, but its height is not above that of a two-story house. The façade is highly ornamented with figure and scroll work, that has successfully weathered the floods and storms of many centuries. The Hall of Mosaics calls forth the plaudits of the most cynical skeptic, for here are found countless thousands of exquisitely carved blocks that, unless closely inspected, give the appearance of being hewn from a single stone of titanic size. The walls are about six feet thick, while the hall itself is only twelve feet wide. The Hall of Monoliths is 30 feet in width and 100 feet in length, the walls being of usual size. In the centre stand a half-dozen columns fifteen feet in height and ten feet in circumference. The pillars undoubtedly acted as supports for beams that reached from wall to wall. Another interesting relic appears to have been a sarcophagus or mausoleum for the interment of important men. Its solid masonry is in a fine state of preservation. There are many ruins of platforms and walls scattered throughout this weird world of the eons that translate us to the enchanted age of fable.

We gazed as one stupefied at the prospect our baffled mind failed to unravel. Whence came these people no archæologist attempts to define. Whither they departed is a problem as dark as the fathomless depths of the seven seas. They themselves have perished from the face of the earth, but the solidity of their noble architecture gives irrefutable proof of intellectual superiority even above many civilized nations of our own enlightened age.

*Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation let to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of love that in thee lie,
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom and glory!*

"The Coliseum."

SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

Many quaint and curious tales have come up from the Spanish Main, but none more quaint and curious than those relating to the customs prevailing some years ago on the various railway lines of our sister Republic. Owing to the paucity of population in different sections, ticket agents are not employed at the numerous hamlets on the ferrocarriles (railroads); the traveler therefore secures his ticket aboard the train. Conductors formerly acted as



The Senate Building of Ancient Mitla

Writers versed in the history of Mitla state that this magnificent structure was the hall of legislation.

cashiers, but such a considerable percentage of these functionaries acquired houses and lots and other things luxurious so rapidly that the first question placed before an aspirant for a conductorship invariably was: "How many houses do you possess? Will it be necessary for you to require more property in order to uphold the social status of your family; or do you merely wish employment in order to give full play to your transcendental talents as a developer of the Mexican railroad system? Has your wife the full complement of diamonds and precious gems compatible with the dignity of a lady of exalted rank? Have your children ponies, automobiles and all accessories necessary for juvenile comfort and enjoyment?" If these interrogatories were answered in the affirmative, the applicant was assured a position on the Main Line; if not, the application form was generally consigned to the waste basket. The reasons are found in this tidbit of malevolence aimed at the integrity of the Yankee conductor (for the railroads of Mexico are generally manned by Americans): When a passenger boarded a train at a small station, he paid his fare to the conductor. The latter tossed the ducats towards the ceiling. If in their descent they struck and remained upon the bell-rope, the coins were turned over to the company's exchequer; but if the pesos missed the cord, the collector caught them and called them his own. The companies did not think they (the companies) were acquiring the full toll, and now an auditor collects the fares, while the conductor attends to the operation of the train. It has been stated that receipts have almost doubled since the introduction of auditors.

It may be of surprising interest to the untraveled to learn that the tracks of one system, the National Railways, traverse upwards of 8,000 miles of territory. The passenger trains are all of American pattern, and the service is not surpassed on this side of the border. Each Pullman car has its own buffét, which serves a la carte meals at reasonable prices. A most excellent dinner can be had at dining stations for seventy-five cents silver ($37\frac{1}{2}$ cents gold), and everything is of the best. A tip of five centavos makes the Indian waiter bow like Chesterfield before his Queen, while ten centavos brings him to his knees as he exclaims: "Mil gracias, señor!" for the poor garçon believes such opulence could only come from the owner of a whole railroad system.



THE SLIDE DOWN "OLD KING POPO."

But if the climb to the apex of Cholula is of more than passing interest, the ascent of "Old King Popo" is one that is not surpassed in any mountain region of the world. The tourist begins the horseback ride immediately after his matutinal repast and proceeds to the Halfway House (14,000 feet), remaining there over night. At daybreak he faces the snow line on foot, and plods along, with the aid of a guide, until the crater has been reached. Several stretches of the trail are dangerously steep, and the agile Indian precedes the climber and drags him up over the snow-covered crags to safety. And now at last—at last—after many weary hours of trepidation and tremendous outpouring of energy, the haughty monarch of the cerulean realm has been conquered, and the explorer swings his glass upon a panorama of empyrean splendor the pen of Milton might pause to depict—for "Old King Popo" rears his dazzling tiara *three miles or more* beyond and above the earth profane. To the right stands the imperious "White Lady of Mexico," her brow and breast glistening with myriads of kohinoors beneath the effulgence of the Southern sun.

And in the far and distant east, beyond the mountains and chasms beneath us, the eye discerns a frigid Titan whose immaculate splendor gives challenge to all the rulers of the terrestrial world—Orizaba—the mighty sentinel of the Eastern coast. Another flash of the glass, and we begin the greatest slide known to man—down to the Halfway House some three thousand feet below! The tobogganist takes his seat upon a mat formed of a peculiar native mat, and, led by the dexterous Indian, begins the most exhilarating descent of any incline to be found in either hemisphere. Around death-dealing curves and towering crags we rush in the precipitous descent; now within an inch of the profound abyss whose cavernous jaws gloatingly yawn for human kind; fast and faster we dash in and around, up and about, down and across the rugged steeps of the frozen trail; now turning, twisting and zigzagging in our maddened flight along the vast serpentine declivity whence at every rod stalks the king of lasting sleep! And now, fifteen minutes later, we are back at the little Halfway cabin—half dead after our nerve-shattering dash, but still able to partake of the ambrosial refreshments the attendants so kindly place before us. Three thousand feet down a snow-covered mountainside in the space of fifteen minutes is an exploit to be vividly recalled during our moments of globe-girdling retrospection.

FIVE THOUSAND MILES AROUND THE SOUTHERN CROSS



Facade of the Governor's Palace, Uxmal, Yucatan

Archæologists assert that the Governor's Palace was probably erected prior to the Coliseum in Rome.

PICTURESQUE JALAPA.

If the reader's obsession for anteriority has not been satiated by his peregrinations through the débris our friends the ancients have so kindly transmitted to posterity, a few words regarding Jalapa may help to fill the vacuity. This habitat of the mountaineer is said to contain 25,000 souls, but it is safe to wager that a stranger would undoubtedly be impelled to view the census enumerator with a degree of suspicion, especially if compensated for his labors at so much per capita. The clock that denotes the time of day from the tower of stately El Calvario Church has maintained faithful watch over this picturesque habitation for nearly three hundred years, and is reputed to be the oldest product of the horologist in the Americas. It is quite evident the Moors spent some years in this neighborhood, for everything is quite Moorish, not excepting the tile-covered roofs projecting far beyond the walls of the houses, to frequently shed their burden of rain upon the unfortunate wayfarer in the middle of the circumscribed lanes called *avenidas*. The natives are of a most amiable temperament, even taking a circuitous route to allow the inanimate canines to enjoy their siesta in the shade of the trees that overhang from either side in umbrella-like fashion. The gardens of this locality are famous for the beauty and variety of their flowers. Roses and pansies of many hues and geraniums five feet high grow in wild profusion here, there and everywhere. Add to all this a million butterflies of a thousand species winging through the fragrant air, and we behold a fairyland that makes the strenuous visitor from Northern climes devoutly regret his inability to prolong his stay until the crack of doom. The balconies attached to the grotesque little homes bring to mind the romantic epoch when heartsick don stood in the pale glow of Luna twanging those plaintive notes that thrill the ecstatic heart of *señorita* and sharpen the wits of the ever-astute *dueña*.

THE TOLLING OF THE BELLS

One is almost inclined to think that Edgar Allan Poe here received inspiration to pen that sublime verse he named *The Bells*, for Jalapa contains many churches, and from their lofty belfries every half-hour of the day and night the tintinnabulation floats across the town in most discordant rhythm.

When the nocturnal shades had mantled all in darkness there
could be heard—

The tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone;

They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are ghouls;

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

A psan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the psan of the bells!

And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the psan of the bells!—

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;

In a happy Runic rhyme

Keeping, time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

To the rolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

A CONSERVATIVE PEOPLE.

It is far from our purpose to appear censorious, but two visits to the Sierra Madré plateau have confirmed the belief that much of the antagonism toward "Americanos" has been engendered by the supercilious attitude of many misguided individuals who have gone to Mexico for one of two reasons—either to make money quickly and make a quick getaway or have made money quickly and made a quick getaway. It *must not* be understood, however, that this applies to *all* our countrymen now below the Rio Grände, but it is a lamentable fact that a considerable percentage of American adventurers in New Spain have given their Mexican acquaintances to understand that a fourth-class Yankee is far superior to a first-class "greaser," the facetious euphemism usually applied to the inoffensive natives. The truth of these words is recognized and regretted by the intelligent American, who loathes his bombastic countryman, for he knows the Mexicans to be a kind, cultured and conservative people, and they (the Americans) quite naturally regret the social ostracism placed against them and their families because of the ignominious conduct of those who have left their country for their country's good. It should be understood that entrée to a Mexican home may not be had merely for the asking. It is possible to be intimately acquainted with a gentleman for years without ever being invited to dine with his family.

THE QUEERNESS OF ORIZABA.

Tourists going from the capital to Vera Cruz find it convenient and agreeable to break their ride at Orizaba, one of the most picturesque towns under the sun. The sightseer now gets his first glimpse of a real Mexican sombrero, the station swarming with an army of Indians whose headgear in many cases is a trifle larger than the owner. It is not hyperbolic to say that some of these peculiar steeples are fully four feet tall and three feet broad, as the highest aspiration percolating through a peon's mind is to become possessed of a hat more elaborate in design than his neighbor's. A diminutive car, drawn by two ponies, conveys the passenger to his hotel, and from time to time the embryonic horses are urged to greater animation by the mellifluous fanfare blown by the bugler-driver. The place is walled in by a vast range of mountains, the mightiest of them all being cloud-shattering Orizaba, who soars his shimmering crown far and away into the translucent reaches of empyrean space—eighteen thousand feet above the level

of the sea. Even the elastic conscience of the perspicacious Münchhausen might have felt a slight qualm at branding Orizaba as an ultra-progressive community, for everything bears a patriarchal aspect. The cobblestones upon which the ox carts so leisurely travel appear to have been used to hold the bow of the Santa Maria to windward during her cruise across the tempestuous currents of the Spanish Main. Innumerable houses are devoid of glass, iron bars acting as a substitute; on the other hand, the adobe hut of every peon is illuminated by a twentieth-century electric light. The climate would suit a pessimist—pleasantly warm during the day and cool enough for blankets in the hours of slumber.

Puebla is altogether different from Orizaba, being a manufacturing centre of prominence. The Cathedral, an enormous edifice, second only to the great church in the capital, is 325 feet long and 100 feet wide. There are a full score of bells in the lofty tower, one of which weighs 20,000 pounds. The high altar cost \$110,000 and twenty years were consumed in its erection. That the 100,000 Pueblans are deeply religious is attested by the presence of forty-six large and handsome churches. From the hills of Guadalupe there may be viewed a magnificent chain of mountain giants, among which is easily discerned the ermine dome of colossal Popocatepetl (18,300 feet), the aerial demigod who surveys this puny sphere from the solitudes on high. An hour's ride in an out-of-date mule car brings the sightseer to the Pyramid of Cholula, a platform nearly two hundred feet above the ground. The base is fully 1,500 feet long, or twice the length of the celebrated Cheops of Egypt. A half-hour is required to ascend the winding stairway, and the climber is well repaid for his exertions, for here he finds the Grotto of Our Lady of the Remedies, where countless thousands of the faithful yearly come to ask assistance in their afflictions. It is commonly asserted in the vicinity of Puebla that miraculous cures have been effected through the intercession of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios. Hundreds of crutches are fastened to the wall as further corroboration.



Amidst the Ruins of Yucatan

It will be recalled that Mexico comprises 767,323 square miles of territory, and its great length makes it a land of magnificent distances. Thus the traveler leaving the metropolis for Merida, the principal city of the Yucatan peninsula, boards the early train for Vera Cruz, arriving at the coast the same evening. The following morning he embarks for Progreso, which is reached two days later. After viewing the grandeur of Mitla, the antiquary is prepared to view with complacency anything pertaining to this land of the ancients. But the various ruins on the peninsula of Yucatan call forth the wonderment and admiration of the most blasé globe-trotter who knows every entrepôt on the globe as the skillful mariner knows his compass.

First of all, let us read the tribute of a great American archæologist to the genius, energy and scholarship of this prehistoric race whose heritage to posterity proclaims them a people of the highest order of civilization.

"From this treasure house in Yucatan," he writes, "comes the key to a thousand problems that have vexed scholars and tormented theologians, and a knowledge of astronomy and mathematics that has dictated the chronologies and cosmogonies of Europe. These people had a regular calendar; they had measured the earth; there is a strong presumption that they had the mariner's compass; they were great navigators and merchants; they gave us an alphabet from which our own has come; as builders they surpassed us; they preceded England as the mistress of the seas; they made our land the granary of the world while Egypt was savage and the ancestors of our race had neither clothes, weapons nor habitations."

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE

Our first invasion of the interior was to view the group of Maya ruins of Uxmal, now brought by rail within comfortable traveling distance of Merida. For three hours the tourist speeds across fifty miles of unbroken fields of henequen, with Muna as his destination. A horse is then procured to cover the fifteen miles to Uxmal. There are five great structures or groups of structures here, which are considered excellent specimens of Maya architecture. The Governor's Palace is a massive building, 320 feet, 40 feet wide and 25 feet high. That the building was erected with a

view to stand the pressure of centuries is shown in the size of the walls, which are perhaps ten feet thick. There are nine doorways in the front of this long edifice, and the façade is of rare beauty and originality. A peculiarity of the interior is the narrowness of the rooms, which are limited by the span of the arch, and rarely exceed twelve feet across. Some fine sculpture work is seen in and around the Palace, especially of animals and serpents.

The Pyramid Temple of the Magician is a huge pyramidal mound, 240 feet long, 160 feet wide and 80 feet high. A ruined building surmounts the summit, but we failed to reach it because of the steepness of the almost perpendicular stairway.

The Nunnery Quadrangle comprises four rectangular structures, all highly ornamented with heads of wild beasts, birds and serpents. It is thought that these buildings were formerly used as communal dwellings for bodies of sacerdotal orders.

The ruins at Chichen-Itza are among the most important on the peninsula. The Tennis Court consists of two parallel walls, each 275 long, 30 feet high and 120 feet apart. The walls are of plain masonry, and projecting from the centre of each, at the height of 20 feet from the ground, is an immense ring of stone, representing two entwined serpents. Spanish archæologists assert that this was a courtyard devoted to the playing of a favored game, the object being to cast the ball through the ring fixed in the wall. Another great temple, called the Castillo, and built upon an immense pyramidal mound 200 feet high, is approached by a grand stairway of countless steps. At the base are the heads of two colossal serpents in sculptured stone. The Nunnery, resting upon an artificial platform 30 feet high, is about 100 feet long, 20 feet wide and 18 feet in height. Upon this rests a smaller edifice 30 feet long and 12 feet in width.

At Izamal the pyramid is one of the most imposing of all the ruins. It is perhaps 60 feet high and at the base is 300 feet square. There are several other ruins in Izamal, and the stucco work here is said to be the best the Maya artists ever produced. The cement workers were evidently expert at their calling, for many of the designs are still intact after the lapse of ages.

Wandering about that silent tangle of tropical vegetation which covers every stately mass of ruins, or tramping through the gloomy halls where the only sound is one's footfall, or the echo of it, a feeling of awe and mystery steals over the visitor. To this is

FIVE THOUSAND MILES AROUND THE SOUTHERN CROSS



Ruins of Tlalmanalco

Stephens, the well-known historian and archaeologist, places the age of this old spot at about 2,000 years.

added wonder and admiration for the people and especially for the architect who raised on high these lofty structures. Students of the place assured us that these massive piles can be none other than evolutions of the genius of some great mind, as their architect worked out the plan for them to the minutest detail. We were further assured there must have been working drawings made of these buildings long before their construction was started, drawings in which the ground plan, elevation and constructive design were fully worked out and the placing of doorways, mouldings and all details of sculpturing fully decided upon.

*Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!
Here where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!*

—The Coliseum.

THE WALLS OF CAMPECHE.

Campeche lies one hundred miles to the west, and the ride through vast stretches of henequen fields is so monotonous that the tourist feels chagrined at having been cajoled into taking the tiresome trip. But the feeling of irritation fades away like mist before the sun when the solid battlements surrounding the city are beheld by the stranger from fields afar. These enormous stone walls repelled many an invader during the troublous days of yore, and there is not the slightest doubt that Campeche was more thoroughly walled in than ancient Jerusalem every thought of being. Flanking towers, loopholes and mounds of rock foundation eloquently attest the determination of the early inhabitants to defend their possessions. The Spaniards were treated with regal honors upon their arrival; but they looked with avaricious eyes upon their neighbors' chattels, and this naturally provoked hostilities of a wicked nature. To-day the people are far from warlike, and the care-free appearance of the inhabitants tempts one to strongly believe he has landed in some

mythical city of leisure. The very quietude and lack of movement attract the visitor, and he unconsciously imbibes the restfulness of the people as he contentedly wanders about the twisting streets or rides in the antique mule cars that were loyally doing their duty generations ere the ærogram flashed across the Stream whose waters nourish the nations of the frigid zone.



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